

A COMPLETE STORY EVERY SATURDAY

The Evening World.

FICTION SECTION

THREE SECTIONS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1922.

SECTION TWO.

PUNCH AND JULIE

By FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by WILL B. JOHNSTONE

An Action and Love Story of the Movies—With More Than One Punch

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

STEVE DRYDEN, who relates the tale and figures in every scene.

HUGH FOLEY, the rising star of the Cines-Torino films, who doesn't get enough pep into his film fights.

JULIE HOWARD, who plays opposite Foley and who is supposed to bear an equally tender relation to his real life.

OLD MAN FELTMAN, owner of Cines-Torino.

SIDNEY HOPPER, a stage villain who has the loser's end of the fight that developed the proper percentage of pep.

JIMMY DEAN, boss property man of Cines-Torino.

MRS. STEVE DRYDEN, who believes in early hours and is the innocent cause of an important development.

MAYBE you folks sitting out there in the 22-cent seats, including tax, have noticed the recent and vast improvement in Hugh Foley's scenes. No doubt you have observed that Hughie no longer softens his punches in his vigorous personal warfare with the villain of the piece, and that when he now bumps one of our foremost heavies on the beeper, it is an honest-to-heavens wallop of the J. Dempsey or sudden-death variety, and you can see the villain's nose retire visibly into his skull.

Bruised frontal bones, along with miscellaneous wounds and contusions, are now common in the studio of the Cines-Torino Company out Los Angeles way, and the first of these new and genuine battle scenes may be found in our latest five-reel triumph, "Lord Jones," which has just been released to a waiting world, and which, if I do say it myself, who should not, is one of the zippiest things I have ever done. It is a personal triumph for Hugh Foley, and will figure in his new contract, because the exhibitors are clawing at each other in their desperate efforts to book it first.

Until the "Lord Jones" picture came through, there had always been one bad spot in every Foley release, and nobody realized it more clearly than Steve Dryden, which are the words on my semi-detached bungalow. Many a painful conversation have I held with old man Feltman, who loafs about the lot a great deal, and is permitted to, by virtue of the fact that he owns the Cines-Torino.

The general and justifiable complaint had been that in his fight scenes Hugh Foley pulled his punches. His fights, said the critics and the public, were fake brawls and devoid of sincerity. Instead of knocking the loathsome villain for a couple of goals, Hughie hit him softly and tenderly, pretending a vast amount of violence, but deluding nobody. Least of all did these bogus battles deceive the lynx-eyed gentry that walk in and sit down after paying their two bits to the cashier.

Every movie goer in America carries a mental ax. Woe betide the director who says, "Look at the shipwreck," and then reveals something photographed in a bathtub.

We received a great many letters from these ultimate consumers, complaining of Hughie's fighting style. I begged Hughie to warm up and do battle, but it was useless. The proprietor of the Cines-Torino intimated, without concealing his irritation, that if I couldn't make Hugh Foley fight with a certain amount of needful ferocity, he would probably find a director who could. All in all, I was rather low in mind over it.

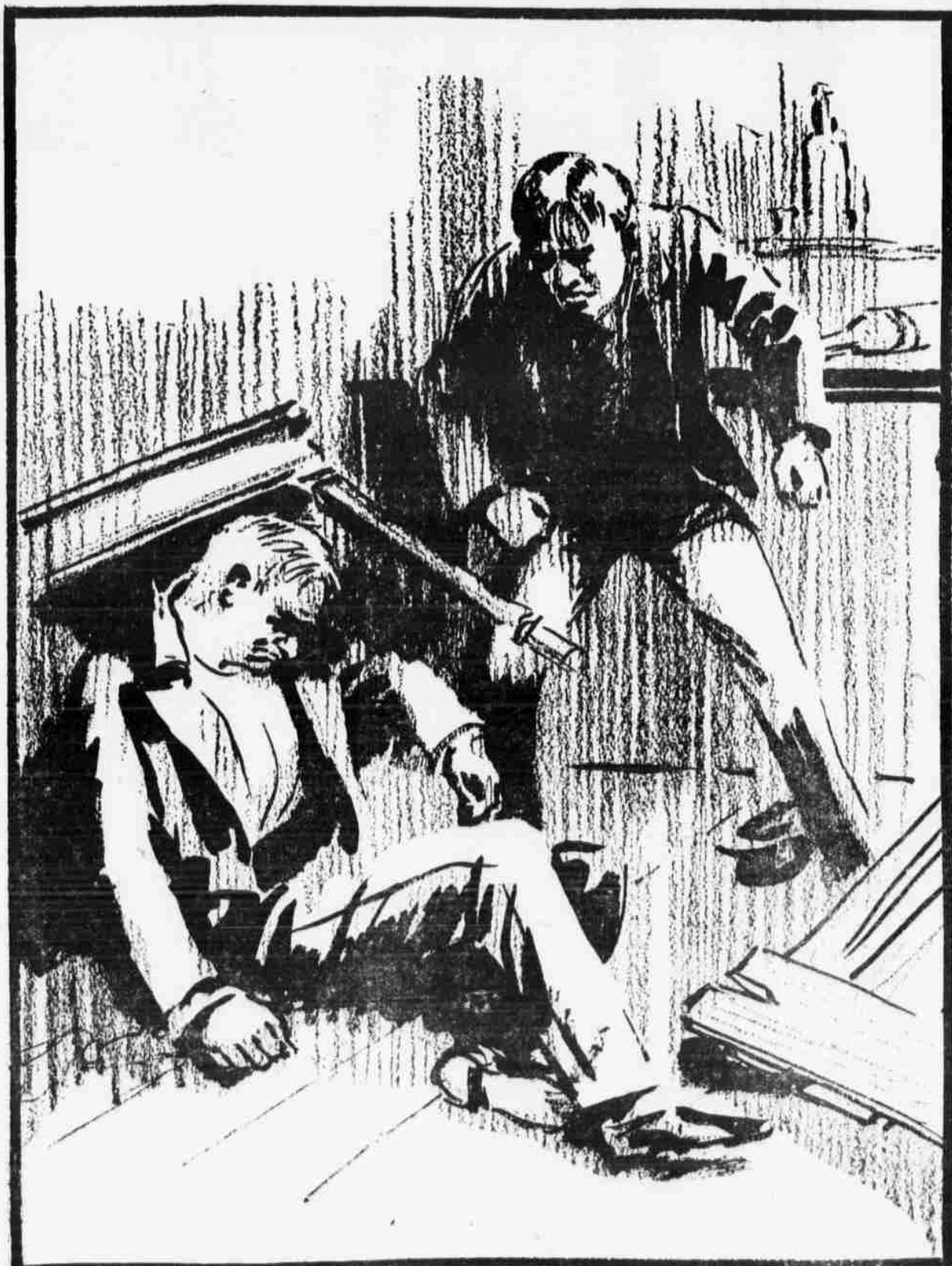
The reason for this woe was Hugh Foley. He is the sort of human being you would expect a man named Hugh Foley to be: handsome, cheerful, soft-hearted, likes children, and as strong as the cable they use in a tug of war.

I can't manage him and neither can

any one else, because he simply grins at harsh words and pats a person on the back, or else picks a person up bodily and flops him into a corner without regard for feelings or dignity.

Hughie and I grew up in South Chicago. I rapidly became a very sour

actor, and discovered it before any great harm was done; but Hughie mounted onward to stardom and the movies. Later, and as he grew more famous, he insisted with the bull-headedness of his race upon having me for his director, and while I am



FINALLY SIDNEY DROPPED UNDER THE REMAINS OF A TABLE.

undoubtedly the greatest of living or dead directors, I still realize what I owe to Hugh. Naturally, I am fond of the blond Irishman, and he regards me as a great man, with a number of well-defined limitations.

WHEN we completed "Whisper Island," which was our last dramatic triumph before "Lord Jones," I sat in the projection room looking at the rough cut and feeling morose unto the point of murder. Old man Feltman sprawled upon an adjoining chair, and we watched 7,000 feet of first-class film and about 300 feet of fight. The fight was terrible. Hughie knocked the villain dead, and you knew in your heart the blow that laid the monster low would not really have injured a small child eating its morning gruel.

"Holy Cripes!" Feltman said in a low voice. This he repeated feelingly all during the fight stuff.

"Holy Cripes is correct," I agreed solemnly.

"It reminds me of a couple of female impersonators in mortal combat. I told you to make him fight. I begged you to make him fight."

"I did what I could," I replied distantly. "I asked Hugh over and over to put some zip into it. He promised he would. I shot that scene three times, and this is the best I got."

Feltman threw his cigar violently upon the concrete floor and stamped on it. He rose and pawed his way in the darkness to the door, and I followed.

"Something," he said, "will have to be done. This can go no further. Every one of Hugh's pictures for the past year has had just such a silly fight, I'm telling you, Dryden. You'll have to do something about this, or one of these days you'll hear bad news."

I sat up in bed one misty morning about 2 o'clock, a few days after this, and grinned a glad smile at the alarm clock. Within a week we were to begin on "Lord Jones," and I had been fretting myself pink over the same old knot.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired the missus, who is a great believer in using the night for slumber and having all your ideas in the daytime.

"I've got it," I stated in a tone of triumph.

"Turn out the light," the lady requested. "You may have it, but I don't want it, nor do I wish to hear it at this moment."

I did as requested, because in California nowhere is true art so little appreciated as in the bosom of one's home.

The next morning at 10 I halted Julie Howard in front of her dressing room.

"Come into the office," I said briskly. "Important."

"Very well," Julie answered cheerily, and she's one cheerful young person. "It is usual to say 'please' when addressing a lady."

I said "please," and we entered my private boudoir, which was formerly a storehouse for synthetic elephants and decrepit scenery. I closed the door.

"You love Hugh, don't you?" I inquired, and it was a fair question, because they were engaged, and every one knew it. Julie is a diminutive leading lady with rope-colored hair and an encouraging smile. She had played opposite Hugh in six of his last fourteen pictures.

"I do," she replied, staring at me in some concern, "but why clog the wheels of progress and drag me in to ask such a fool question on a nice morning?"

"Some day you want him to be the foremost male star in the movies, don't you?" I continued, and Julie bobbed her attractive head.

"Good. You know, as we all know, that his fights have been bloomers. Everybody is criticizing them. If we want to make better pictures with Hugh, we've got to do something about the fights, and you can help me."

"How?" Julie asked.

"Get Hughie mad. I have figured out a scheme to rouse his angry passions. He never went into a fight yet when he was roaring mad, and that's

what I want him to be. I'm going to depend on you, Julie."

"How?" she asked again, like an Indian.

"Go to Hugh and tell him you want to break your engagement."

The lady surveyed me in cold amazement. "Break our engagement. What for?"

"Tell Hughie that you no longer love him; that you are now older and plainly see that you cannot ever care for him as a wife should, and that consequently you will not marry him. Talk very sensibly about it, and when he asks you if there is another man, as he will, bow your head and tell him there is."

"Who might this other man be?" Julie inquired with faint sarcasm.

"Sidney Hopper," I returned, "and there's your jolly little scheme in a nutshell. Sidney is the heavy in 'Lord Jones,' and it's his last job with the company. It's your duty to avoid Hughie and be nice to Sidney, who, of course, will never know he has won your trembling and maidenly heart from Hugh."

JULIE continued to stare at me as though I were a goldfish with nine legs that had just been called to her attention.

The Sidney Hopper in question, for

are invisible to the rest of us, it may well be that we shall see a minor massacre when we come to the flat fight in 'Lord Jones.' That's plain, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," she said, "but if I did agree to this piece of nonsense, what is there to keep Hugh from larruping Hopper without waiting for the camera? He might, you know."

"I know Hughie. He will go quietly away and gloom himself half to death. He will sink into a smoldering, silent grouch. I'll guarantee there will be no physical violence until the proper time comes. Hughie is no longshoreman."

"It's asking a great deal of a girl," she said. "Think of breaking with Hugh for that drunken little beast of a Hopper."

"Think of the picture. You want it to be a good picture, don't you?"

"All right," Julie said. "I'll do my best to help you, Steve. I want Hugh to get ahead, but I'm warning you now. If any trouble comes of all this, it is entirely up to you."

"Fair enough," I said buoyantly, patting her on the shoulder. "You're a nice little girl."

We began shooting "Lord Jones" on the 3d of January and it skimmed along gayly and without untoward

way from the end of this picture, and that fight scene comes last. Why not let me wait and tell Hugh just a day or two before he fights Sidney?"

This was a new angle. I wanted to work up a slow, petulant grouch, but Julie insisted that she certainly would not tell Hughie such an outrageous falsehood and have him all upset for weeks. I finally gave in. I had to give in. That's one of the things about women. They will do what you want, but they do it in their own way and in their own sweet time.

We ground steadily away at "Lord Jones," making very good speed, and having no trouble at all, except that Sidney Hopper acted rather nasty at times, and sneered along through his part. He knew that it was his final picture and that he was being fired because of his alcoholic habits. Feltman had already notified him that in future we would try to struggle on without him.

When we cleared up everything except the saloon brawl, I began working out the details. It was to start off with a general free-for-all battle, in which a dozen members of the company would do their best to simulate a gang fight. After the lesser scoundrels had been driven from the scene, Lord Jones was to have his chance at the villain, who deserved everything he was going to get.

We started the general battle and the mob worked well and quickly. I wound up the fighting about noon on Monday, and we spent the afternoon preparing for Hugh's big fight with Hopper, which I expected to shoot some time Tuesday.

I RECALL that during the last days of the "Lord Jones" picture I was not a gracious and pleasing object to the human eye, because of a slight accident in my own home. I think it was on the Saturday night preceding our final week with the picture that the missus roused me from a deserved slumber about 3 in the morning and bade me walk hurriedly into the kitchen and fill the hot-water bottle.

I scrambled out of bed, started for the kitchen in a staggering line, and walked directly into the end of the bedroom door. I hit the part you always hit when you walk into a door at night, namely, your head. The door was a strong, solid piece of architecture, and my first impression was that I had been killed and would be buried after a decent wait. My skull must be as thick as people have said, because I lived through it; but in the morning I resembled the sole survivor of some terrible railroad wreck.

My forehead had an indentation, as though somebody had started to hew his way through with an ax. My nose was skinned very thoroughly. My rather prominent cheek bone was chipped a bit, and my right eye was as blue and closed as a Pittsburgh saloon.

I accused the missus of trying to murder me for the insurance, but she merely remarked that at my age a man ought to be able to find his way round a five-room bungalow with doors everywhere. Sunday my features spent the time getting worse to look at, and on Monday, when I strolled into the studio, I encountered Jimmy Dean, the boss property man.

"Ah, ha!" Jimmy said, grinning at me. "First you sassed the man and then he slammed you."

I walked on to the office, and three times I was forced to listen to low insults from the hired hands. Julie Howard came along, looked at my mussed-up features and began to smile. "Why, Steve," she said, "How ever did it happen?"

"A door," I snapped. "Have you told Hugh yet about that engagement thing?"

She shook her head.

"We shoot the fight to-morrow," I went on. "You know that, don't you? If you're going to help this picture, you'll tell Hugh immediately. Of course if you want us to make another of those crummy fights, why, don't tell him."

"Very well," she said slowly, "if I have to, I suppose I must."

"Yes, and you ought to have told him a week ago," I said sourly. "However, it isn't too late yet. Tell him this morning, and then go away somewhere until the saloon stuff is over."



"GET HUGHIE MAD. * * * HE NEVER WENT INTO A FIGHT YET WHEN HE WAS ROARING MAD AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT HIM TO BE."

whom I was cooking up an unmonotonous future, was a second-rate actor who suffered from violent hallucinations about his ability. We paid him one hundred a week to be the villain, because he had a dissolute and wicked countenance, and looked like a miserable scoundrel without any make-up whatever.

He was wholly unreliable, with a chronic fondness for rum, and he spent his nights at the beach in the Brig Cafe, which was the one spot in California forbidden to Cines-Torino employees by old man Feltman. Hopper was all through with our outfit and he knew it, and therefore it was laying it on a bit to ask Julie to fall in love with him, even in pretense.

"Sidney Hopper?" Julie exclaimed. "How ridiculous!"

"Is it ridiculous?" I returned. "If it appears that you have given Hughie the sack, and have found lovable and husbandly qualities in Hopper which

incident. Following our usual custom, we were everything but the saloon stuff, which we saved for the last, because the saloon was the scene of the scrimmage between Lord Jones and Cecil Titherington, the insufferable scoundrel played by Sidney Hopper. It is always good judgment to shoot your fight stuff at the very end. In case your star inadvertently had his features erased by a moving chair, he can then go away and grow a new set and no harm done.

I watched Hugh Foley to see how my scheme worked and, somewhat to my surprise, he went along with his daily work in his usual serene manner. I looked for signs of distress over losing Julie, but there was nary a sign. After a day or two I spoke to her.

"Well," I demanded, "did you break off the engagement?"

"I did not," she replied. "What's the use of doing it now? You're a long

"All right, Steve," she replied. "I'll tell him."

After that I felt a bit easier in my mind over the coming brawl. I went ahead with Monday's work, directing the mob with my one good eye. Hugh Foley failed to show up at all, but that didn't matter, because his work was finished, with the exception of the single scene with Hopper.

ON Tuesday morning we prepared for the important battle, and Hugh was on the lot early. He came over to me, looked at me for a minute, and shook hands without saying a word. Then he turned and walked off.

"Hughie," I called after him, "about this fight this afternoon—"

"Never mind telling me anything about it," he replied. "This is going to be a real fight, kid."

"Plenty of ginger," I said.

"Wait and see," Hugh answered, and continued toward his dressing room.

We had lunch at the usual hour, and then we all started for the final job. There was a larger crowd than usual, because the other folks in a studio always like to horn in and watch a fight. Everything was in shape, and just before we started off I noticed Julie Howard came in unobtrusively and climbed upon a pile of trunks in one corner, where she could see and hear the job in hand. I wandered over to her.

"Did you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him."

"I hope he fights," I continued.

"He ought to," Julie repeated confidently. "I think he will."

"He acts sort of queer," I remarked hopefully. "If it all comes out in this scene, we ought to have the south end of a pogrom."

The two important characters appeared presently. Hughie began the action. He was dressed in an ordinary business suit, whereas Sidney were evening clothes, which, according to the schedule, ought to be pretty well destroyed when we finished the scene.

They came in from opposite sides, looked at each other, said a few bitter words, and struck. The entire action lasted only six minutes.

I planted four cameras where they would miss nothing, because I realized before we turned a crank that this would be one encounter between gentlemen which could never be shot a second time. I either got all of it the first time or I never got it. One of my cameras was up among the rafters, shooting down, and the others aimed in from various advantageous angles. There is never a close-up in that entire scene, because you need no close-ups when you can see murder being done at a short distance.

Hugh uttered no sound after the formal set speech of his entry. The instructions called for him to look as ferocious as possible, and that was what he was doing, without any effort. He was not acting, and I knew it. Just before we began cranking I spoke briefly to Sid Hopper, who until this time believed he was as good a man as Hughie.

"You watch yourself in this scene," I cautioned. "This is going to be a real fight, so look out you don't lose a leg."

"Quit kidding me," Hopper replied airily, and that was the last airy remark he made that day, or for many days.

THERE was one person missing from the group of spectators. Old man Feltman had made a hurried trip to Chicago, and I was sorry. I wished he had delayed his trip so he could have witnessed this fight. However I consoled myself with the thought that he would see the result when he returned. I yelled at the four cameras and we began cranking.

At the beginning I heard Hugh say something to Hopper. Five minutes after the start voices were raised in protest and the bystanders began urging me to stop Hughie from killing Sydney Hopper before their eyes. It was a fight. No doubt at all.

Both of Sid's eyes were banged shut in the first three minutes, and his evening clothes were destroyed in no time, as demanded by the script. It was not a plain fistcuff combat, but bordered more on the knock-down and

drag-out type of battle. It must have come as a genuine surprise to Sidney, who had fought Hughie in other pictures without the aid of ambulances or hospitals. Tables and lamps were knocked over very realistically and curtains dragged from their poles; windows were smashed and plaster Venuses went to bits in the uproar. It was a humdinger of a fight, and every time Hughie landed, Hopper flopped.

Finally Sidney dropped under the remains of a table, and when he failed to rouse up and continue I ordered the cameras to desist. The reason Sidney stayed where he was was plain. He was clear out, sleeping the sweet sleep of unconsciousness, and far away. I then shooed the company

Hopper swings a mean fist, and he had been fighting for his life. I found a number of wind-up details that kept me busy, and later in the afternoon I went into the projection room. When I emerged, the studio was deserted and dark.

TWO days later I received an abrupt summons from old man Feltman, who had returned from Chicago. I entered his sanctum right cheerfully, because I knew he had seen the saloon stuff and was pleased for the first time in three years.

"Steve," he said when I came in, "sit down."

I sat.



"THIS IS GOING TO BE A REAL FIGHT, SO LOOK OUT YOU DON'T LOSE A LEG."

physician into the ruins and he endeavored to restore the villain. Hugh Foley walked slowly out of the studio and across the lot toward his dressing room.

"Now," I said to Julie, a few minutes later, "you can go to Hughie and tell him that you framed this up."

"It was a great fight, wasn't it?" she demanded, beaming on me.

"A bird," I admitted, "and my scheme worked great. Only there's no use letting Hugh think you care for Hopper. Go and tell him that we framed this all up for his own good."

Julie hurried away to confess and bathe her sweetheart's wounds. He had plenty of them, because Sidney

"I've been trying to decide all morning whether to fire you now or give you one more chance," he remarked, gazing at my still discolored orb.

"Fire me!" I echoed dazedly. "Did you say fire me?"

"That's what I said exactly. No director of mine can camp out in the Brig Cafe. It don't look right and, besides, it's a company rule, and well you know it. Of course Hopper is gone, but if he wasn't going I would have let him go for this. There's just one thing that saves you, Steve. You've got a corking good fight scene, and it's going to hold your job this time, but the next time you start for the Brig Cafe you can know that

you're all through as a director for the Cines-Torino."

I stared at Feltman and tried to comprehend. "Listen," I said firmly, "you're either crazy or somebody has been stringing you. I haven't been in the Brig Cafe in two years, and certainly not since I worked for you."

He grunted.

"Of course Sidney Hopper didn't give you that black eye," pointing at the dismal object in question. "Of course you and he didn't get into a disgraceful brawl."

"Of course you're off your nut," I said heatedly. "I tell you I haven't been within miles of the Brig in years. Where do you get all this news?"

Then I did learn something astounding. Feltman had his news, and it came straight from the source. Hopper had attacked me in a drunken rage, following my statement at the Brig Cafe that Hugh Foley was the best comedy-drama actor in California. The presumption was that I too was also mildly pickled. After a heated altercation Mr. Hopper walloped me plenty, and the waiters intervened in time to save my life. This was the polite news about me.

"Yes," I said dumbly, "but who started all this?"

"Julie told Hugh about it right after it happened," insisted Feltman. "She had all the details, and it may be that, disgraceful as the incident was, it had a certain definite effect in the fight between Hugh and Hopper. Hughie likes you and probably welcomed a chance to lambaste Hopper."

"Listen," I said earnestly, reaching for my hat. "I've got to go and talk to Julie. I'll send her to you and she can tell you the truth. I'm just beginning to see the workings of a lady's mind. And the truth about that eye of mine is that I walked into a door in my own innocent home. Remember that."

I STEPPED into the bright sunshine, and as it approached noon I aimed for the Silver Star Restaurant. Hugh's car was at the curb, as I half expected, and within Hugh and Julie were peacefully lunching. I burst upon them without warning.

"Fine," I said, sitting down. "You got me into a grand jam, young lady. I just came from the old man and I nearly left my job behind me. Why this yarn about Hopper busting me up?"

"Didn't he?" Hugh asked in surprise.

Julie began to laugh. "I suppose it had to come out," she said regretfully. "Now I'll have to tell Mr. Feltman it wasn't so."

"What wasn't so?" Hugh echoed. "What ails you two? Didn't Hopper maul you, Steve?"

I explained with some dignity that Julie had double-crossed me.

"Well," she said defensively, "it made Hugh fighting mad. It was a good story, wasn't it?"

"Great," I said coldly. "But what annoys me is this: Why didn't you tell him what we agreed on? She was to tell you, Hughie, that she was going to break her engagement and marry Sidney Hopper. She evidently didn't like that story, so she improved upon it."

"I did," Julie laughed, "but I couldn't tell Hugh what you wanted me to."

"Why?" I demanded, still a little sore.

"Shall we tell him, Hugh?"

"Sure," agreed our star.

"The fact is," Julie began. "The fact is"—

"Listen, Steve," Hugh interrupted. "Julie and I have been married the last two months. We weren't going to tell anybody until we finished this picture. Then we were planning on a big trip East, maybe as far as Potato City, Idaho."

I put down my glass of water and looked at the two of them in mild astonishment, and that's about all there is to it. We got our fight all right enough, but there being a lady mixed up in it, she had to do it her own way. In the mean time (adv.), in case you have an opportunity this winter to take a peek at "Lord Jones," cast your eye upon that fight scene. If it isn't a real battle, I'm a blue-nosed cassowary.

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By LUCIAN CAREY

Illustrated by Will B. Johnstone

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